THE

SELECTOR,

CONTAINING

The Poetical Works of

GRAY and GOLDSMITH,

THE SHIPWRECK,

AND

THE CLASP.

LONDON:

Published by [illegible]

PRICE

II

Fuseli del. *Fox. sculp.*

GRAY.

Ruin Seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait.

The Bard. *Page.* 42.

Published by Suttaby, Evance & Fox, July 2. 1821.

III

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Published by Suttaby, Evance & Fox, Stationers Court. and Baldwin, Cradock & Joy, Paternoster Row.

1815.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS GRAY,

WITH

AN ACCOUNT

OF

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND FOX,
STATIONERS'-COURT;

AND BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,
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LIFE

OF

THOMAS GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY was born in Cornhill, in the city of London, on the 26th of December, 1716. His Father, Philip Gray, was a money-scrivener; but being of an indolent and profuse disposition, he rather diminished than improved his paternal fortune. Our Author received his classical education at Eton School, under Mr. Antrobus, his mother's brother, a man of sound learning and refined taste, who directed his nephew to those pursuits which laid the foundation of his future literary fame.

During his continuance at Eton, he contracted a friendship with Mr. Horace Walpole, well known for his knowledge in the fine arts; and Mr. Richard West, son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, a youth of very promising talents.

When he left Eton school, in 1734, he went to Cambridge, and entered a pensioner at Peterhouse, at the recommendation of his uncle Antrobus, who had been a fellow of that college. It is said that, from his effeminacy and fair complexion, he acquired among his fellow-students the appellation of *Miss* Gray, to which the delicacy of his manners seems not a little to have contributed. Mr. Walpole was at that time a fellow-commoner of King's College, in the same University; a fortunate circumstance, which afforded Gray frequent opportunities of interconrse with his honourable friend.

Mr. West went from Eton to Christ Church, Oxford; and in this state of separation, these two votaries of the Muses, whose dispositions were congenial, commenced an epistolary correspondence, part of which is published by Mr. Mason, a gentleman whose character stands high in the republic of letters.

Gray, having imbibed a taste for poetry, did not relish those abstruse studies which generally occupy the minds of students at College; and therefore, as he found very little gratification from academical pursuits, he left Cambridge in 1738, and returned to London, intending to apply himself to the study of the law; but this intention was soon laid aside, upon an invitation given him by Mr. Walpole, to accompany him in his travels abroad; a situation highly preferable, in Gray's opinion, to the dry study of the law.

They set out together for France, and visited most of the places worthy of notice in that country: from thence they proceeded to Italy, where an unfortunate dispute taking place between them, a separation ensued upon their arrival at Florence. Mr. Walpole, afterwards, with great candour and liberality, took upon himself the blame of the quarrel; though, if we consider the matter coolly and impartially, we may be induced to conclude that Gray, from a conscious superiority of ability, might have claimed a deference to his opinion and judgment, which his honourable friend was not at that time disposed to admit: the rupture, however, was very unpleasant to both parties.

Gray pursued his journey to Venice on an economic plan, suitable to the circumscribed state of his finances; and having continued there some weeks, returned to England in September 1741. He appears, from his letters published by Mr. Mason, to have paid the minutest attention to every object worthy of notice throughout the course of his travels. His descriptions are lively and picturesque, and bear particular marks of his genius and disposition. We admire the sublimity of his ideas when he ascends the stupendous heights of the Alps, and are charmed with his display of nature, decked in all the beauties of vegetation. Indeed, abundant information, as well as entertainment, may be derived from his casual letters.

In about two months after his arrival in England, he lost his father, who, by an indiscreet profusion, had so impaired his fortune, as not to admit of his son's prosecuting the study of the law, with that degree of respectability which the nature of the profession requires, without becoming burdensome to his mother and aunt. To obviate, therefore, their importunities on the subject, he went to Cambridge, and took his bachelor's degree in civil law.

But the inconveniences and distress attached to a scanty fortune, were not the only ills our Poet had to encounter at this time: he had not only lost the friendship of Mr. Walpole abroad, but poor West, the partner of his heart, fell a victim to complicated maladies, brought on by family misfortunes, on the 1st of June, 1742, at Pope's, a village in Hertfordshire, where he went for the benefit of the air.

The excessive degree in which his mind was agitated for the loss of his friend, will best appear from the following beautiful little sonnet:

In vain to me the smiling Mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire!
The birds in vain their am'rous descant join;
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire!
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require:
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the' imperfect joys expire.
Yet Morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear:
To warm their little loves the birds complain:
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

Mr. Gray now seems to have applied his mind very sedulously to poetical composition: his *Ode to Spring* was written early in June to his friend Mr. West, before he received the melancholy news of his death: how our Poet's susceptible mind was

affected by that melancholy incident, is evidently demonstrated by the lines quoted; the impression, indeed, appears to have been too deep to be soon effaced; and the tenor of the subjects which called for the exertions of his poetical talents subsequent to the production of this Ode, corroborates that observation; these were, his *Prospect of Eton*, and his *Ode to Adversity*. It is also supposed, and with great probability, that he began his *Elegy in a Country Church-yard* about the same time. He passed some weeks at Stoke, near Windsor, where his mother and aunt resided, and in that pleasing retirement finished several of his most celebrated Poems.

From thence he returned to Cambridge, which from this period was his chief residence during the remainder of his life. The conveniences with which a college life was attended, to a person of his narrow fortune and studious turn of mind, were more than a compensation for the dislike which, for several reasons, he bore to the place; but he was perfectly reconciled to his situation, on Mr. Mason's being elected a Fellow of Pembroke-Hall; a circumstance which brought him a companion, who, during life, retained for him the highest degree of friendship and esteem.

In 1742 he was admitted to the degree of Bachelor in the Civil Law, as appears from a letter written to his particular friend Dr. Wharton, of Old Park, near Durham, formerly fellow of Pembroke-Hall, Cambridge, in which he ridicules, with much point and humour, the follies and foibles, and the dulness and formality, which prevailed in the University.

In order to enrich his mind with the ideas of others, he devoted a considerable portion of his time to the study of the best Greek authors; so that, in the course of six years, there were hardly any writers of eminence in that language whose works he had not only read, but thoroughly digested.

His attention, however, to the Greek classics did

not wholly engross his time; for he found leisure to advert, in a new sarcastical manner, to the ignorance and dulness with which he was surrounded, though situated in the centre of learning. There is only a fragment remaining of what he had written on this subject, from which it may be inferred that it was intended as an *Hymn to Ignorance*: The fragment is wholly introductory; yet many of the lines are so pointed in signification, and harmonious in versification, that they will be admitted by the admirers of verse to display his poetical talents, with more brilliancy than appears in many of his lyric productions.

Hail, horrors, hail! ye ever-gloomy bowers,
Ye gothic fanes, and antiquated towers,
Where rushy Camus' slowly-winding flood
Perpetual draws his humid train of mud:
Glad I revisit thy neglected reign,
Oh, take me to thy peaceful shade again!
But chiefly thee, whose influence breath'd from high,
Augments the native darkness of the sky;
Ah, Ignorance! soft salutary power!
Prostrate with filial reverence I adore.
Thrice hath Hyperion roll'd his annual race,
Since, weeping, I forsook thy fond embrace.
Oh say, successful do'st thou still oppose
Thy leaden ægis 'gainst our ancient foes?
Still stretch, tenacious of thy right divine,
The massy sceptre o'er thy slumbering line?
And dews Lethean through the land dispense
To steep in slumbers each benighted sense?
If any spark of Wit's delusive ray
Break out, and flash a momentary day,
With damp, cold touch forbid it to aspire,
And huddle up in fogs the dangerous fire.
Oh say—she hears me not, but, careless grown,
Lethargic nods upon her ebon throne.
Goddess! awake, arise! alas my fears!
Can powers immortal feel the force of years?

Not thus of old, with ensigns wide unfurl'd,
She rode triumphant o'er the vanquish'd world;
Fierce nations own'd her unresisted might,
And all was Ignorance and all was Night.
Oh! sacred ages! Oh! times for ever lost!
(The Schoolman's glory, and the Churchman's boast.)
For ever gone—yet still to Fancy new,
Her rapid wings the transient scene pursue,
And bring the buried ages back to view.
High on her car, behold the Grandam ride
Like old Sesostris with barbaric pride;
**** a team of harness'd monarchs bend
* * * * * *

In 1744 he seems to have given up his attention to the Muses. Mr. Walpole, desirous of preserving what he had already written, as well as perpetuating the merit of their deceased friend West, endeavoured to prevail with Gray, to whom he had previously become reconciled, to publish his own Poems, together with those of West; but Gray declined it, conceiving their productions united would not suffice to fill even a small volume.

In 1747 Gray became acquainted with Mr. Mason, then a scholar of St. John's College, and afterwards Fellow of Pembroke-Hall. Mr. Mason, who was a man of great learning and ingenuity, had written the year before, his "Monody on the Death of Pope," and his "Il Bellicoso," and "Il Pacefico;" and Gray revised these pieces at the request of a friend. This laid the foundation of a friendship that terminated but with life: and Mr. Mason, after the death of Gray, testified his regard for him, by superintending the publication of his works.

The same year he wrote a little Ode on the Death of a favourite Cat of Mr. Walpole's, in which humour and instruction are happily blended: but the following year he produced an effort of much more importance; the Fragment of an *Essay on the Alliance of Education and Government*. Its

tendency was to demonstrate the necessary concurrence of both to form great and useful men. It opens with the two following similies. The exordium is rather uncommon; but he seems to have adopted it as a kind of clue to the subject he meant to pursue in the subsequent part of the Poem.

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her gen'rous birth,
Nor genial warmth nor genial juice retains,
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins;
And as in climes, where Winter holds his reign,
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,
Forbids her gems to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies:
So draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Unform'd, unfriended, by those kindly cares
That health and vigour to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart:
So fond instruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,
If equal Justice, with unclouded face
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free, though frugal hand,
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land:
But Tyranny has fix'd her empire there,
To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.
This spacious animated scene survey,
From where the rolling orb, that gives the day,
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds,
To either pole, and life's remotest bounds.
How rude soe'er the' exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
Alike to all, tho kind, impartial Heav'n
The sparks of Truth and happiness has giv'n:
With sense to feel, with memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain:
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
The event presages and explores the cause;

The soft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repel the foe:
While mutual wishes mutual woes endear
The social smile and sympathetic tear.

Say, then, through ages by what fate confin'd
To different climes seem different souls assign'd?
Here measur'd laws and philosophic ease
Fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace;
There industry and gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds and tame the' unwilling deep:
Here forced and hardy deeds of blood prevail;
Their languid pleasure sighs in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breath'd the living cloud of war;
And, where the deluge burst, with sweepy sway
Their arms, their kings, their gods were roll'd away.
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-ey'd myriads from the Baltic coast.
The prostrate South to the Destroyer yields
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields:
With grim delight the brood of Winter view
A brighter day, and heavens of azure hue;
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendant vintage as it grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
While European freedom still withstands
The' encroaching tide that drowns her lessening lands;
And sees far off, with an indignant groan,
Her native plains and empires once her own?
Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame
O'erpower the fire that animates our frame;
As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
Need we the influence of the Northern Star
To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war?
And, where the face of nature laughs around,
Must sick'ning Virtue fly the tainted ground?
Unmanly thought! what seasons can controul,
What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,

Who, conscious of the source from whence she springs,
By Reason's light, on Resolution's wings,
Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
O'er Lybia's deserts, and through Zembla's snows?
She bids each slumbering energy awake,
Another touch, another temper take,
Suspends the' inferior laws that rule our clay:
The stubborn elements confess her sway;
Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
And raise the mortal to a height divine.
Not but the human fabric from the birth
Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth:
As various tracks enforce a various toil,
The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
An iron-race the mountain cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain:
For where unwearied sinews must be found
With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,
To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,
To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
What wonder, if, to patient valour train'd,
They guard with spirit what by strength they gain'd;
And while their rocky ramperts round they see,
The rough abode of Want and Liberty,
(As lawless force from confidence will grow)
Insult the plenty of the vales below?
What wonder, in the sultry climes, that spread
Where Nile redundant o'er his summer-bed,
From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt, with his watery wings,
If, with adventurous oar and ready sail
The dusky people drive before the gale,
Or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities ride,
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide?

* * * * * *

It is much to be lamented that our Author did not finish what was so successfully begun, as the

Fragment is deemed superior to every thing in the same style of writing which our language can boast.

In 1750 he put the finishing stroke to his *Elegy written in a Country Church-yard*, which was communicated first to his friend Mr. Walpole, and by him to many persons of rank and distinction. This beautiful production introduced the Author to the favour of Lady Cobham, and gave occasion to a singular composition, called, *A Long Story:* in which various effusions of wit and humour are very happily interspersed.

The Elegy having found its way into the "Magazine of Magazines," the Author wrote to Mr. Walpole, requesting he would put it in the hands of Mr. Dodsley, and order him to print it immediately, in order to rescue it from the disgrace it might have incurred by its appearance in a Magazine. The Elegy was the most popular of all our Author's productions; it ran through eleven editions, and was translated into Latin by Anstey and Roberts; and in the same year a version of it was published by Lloyd. Mr. Bentley, an eminent artist of that time, wishing to decorate this elegant composition with every ornament of which it is so highly deserving, drew for it a set of designs, as he also did for the rest of Gray's productions, for which the artist was liberally repaid by the Author in some beautiful stanzas; but unfortunately no perfect copy of them remains. The following, however, are given as a specimen.

In silent gaze the tuneful choir among,
Half pleas'd, half blushing, let the Muse admire,
While Bentley leads her Sister-Art along,
And bids the pencil answer to the lyre.

See, in their course, each transitory thought
Fix'd by his touch a lasting essence take;
Each dream, in Fancy's airy colouring wrought,
To local symmetry and life awake!

The tardy rhymes that us'd to linger on,
To censure cold, and negligent of fame,
In swifter measures animated run,
And catch a lustre from his genuine flame.

Ah! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,
His quick creation, his unerring line;
The energy of Pope they might efface,
And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.

But not to one in this benighted age
Is that diviner inspiration giv'n,
That burns in Shakspeare's or in Milton's page,
The pomp and prodigality of heav'n:

As when conspiring in the diamond's blaze,
The meaner gems, that singly charm the sight,
Together dart their intermingled rays,
And dazzle with a luxury of light.

Enough for me, if to some feeling breast
My lines a secret sympathy *impart*,
And, as their pleasing influence *flows confess'd*,
A sigh of soft reflection *heave the heart*.

It appears, by a letter of Dr. Wharton, that Gray finished his Ode on the *Progress of Poetry* early in 1755. The *Bard* also was begun about the same time; and the following beautiful Fragment on the *Pleasure arising from Vicissitude*, the next year. The merit of the two former pieces was not immediately perceived, nor generally acknowledged. Garrick wrote a few lines in their praise. Lloyd and Coleman wrote, in concert, two Odes, to "Oblivion" and "Obscurity," in which they were ridiculed with much ingenuity.

Now the golden Morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She wooes the tardy Spring:

Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance
The birds his presence greet:
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know;
'Tis Man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow
Soft Reflection's hand can trace;
And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;
While Hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower,
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,
See a kindred Grief pursue;
Behind the steps that Misery treads
Approaching Comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe;
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the Wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe, and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To Him are opening paradise."

Our Author's reputation as a poet was so high, that, on the death of Colley Cibber, 1757, he had the honour of refusing the office of Poet Laureat, to which he was probably induced by the disgrace brought upon it through the inability of some who had filled it.

His curiosity some time after, drew him away from Cambridge to a lodging near the British Museum, where he resided near three years, reading and transcribing.

In 1762, on the death of Mr. Turner, Professor of Modern Languages and History, at Cambridge, he was, according to his own expression, "cockered and spirited up" to apply to Lord Bute for the succession. His Lordship refused him with all the politeness of a courtier, the office having been previously promised to Mr. Brocket, the tutor of Sir James Lowther.

His health being on the decline, in 1765 he undertook a journey to Scotland, conceiving he should derive benefit from exercise and change of situation. His account of that country, as far as it extends, is curious and elegant: for as his mind was comprehensive, it was employed in the contemplation of all the works of art, all the appearances of nature, and all the monuments of past events.

During his stay in Scotland, he contracted a friendship with Dr. Beattie, in whom he found, as he himself expresses it, a poet, a philosopher, and a good man. Through the intervention of his

friend the Doctor, the Mareschal College at Aberdeen offered him the degree of Doctor of Laws, which he thought it decent to decline, having omitted to take it at Cambridge.

In December 1767, Dr. Beattie, still desirous that his country should leave a memento of its regard to the merit of our Poet, solicited his permission to print, at the University of Glasgow, an elegant edition of his works. Gray could not comply with his friend's request, as he had given his promise to Mr. Dodsley. However, as a compliment to them both, he presented them with a copy, containing a few notes, and the Imitation of the old Norwegian poetry, intended to supplant the Long Story, which was printed at first to illustrate Mr. Bentley's designs.

In 1768 our Author obtained that office without solicitation, for which he had before applied without effect. The Professorship of Languages and History again became vacant, and he received an offer of it from the Duke of Grafton, who had succeeded Lord Bute in office. The place was valuable in itself, the salary being 400*l.* a year; but it was rendered peculiarly acceptable to Mr. Gray, as he obtained it without solicitation.

Soon after he succeeded to this office, the impaired state of his health rendered another journey necessary; and he visited, in 1769, the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland. His remarks on the wonderful scenery which these northern regions display, he transmitted in epistolary journals to his friend, Dr. Wharton, which abound, according to Mr. Mason's elegant diction, with all the wildness of Salvator, and the softness of Claude.

He appears to have been much affected by the anxiety he felt at holding a place without discharging the duties annexed to it. He had always designed reading lectures, but never put it in practice; and a consciousness of this neglect contributed not a little to increase the malady under

which he had long laboured; nay, the office at length became so irksome, that he seriously proposed to resign it.

Towards the close of May, 1771, he removed from Cambridge to London, after having suffered violent attacks of an hereditary gout, to which he had long been subject, notwithstanding he had observed the most rigid abstemiousness throughout the whole course of his life. By the advice of his physicians, he removed from London to Kensington; the air of which place proved so salutary, that he was soon enabled to return to Cambridge, whence he designed to make a visit to his friend Dr. Wharton, at Old Park, near Durham; indulging a fond hope that the excursion would tend to the re-establishment of his health: but, alas! that hope proved delusive. On the 24th of July he was seized, while at dinner in the college-hall, with a sudden nausea, which obliged him to retire to his chamber. The gout had fixed on his stomach in such a degree, as to resist all the powers of medicine. On the 29th he was attacked with a strong convulsion, which returned with increased violence the ensuing day; and on the evening of the 31st of July, 1771, he departed this life, in the 55th year of his age.

From the narrative of his friend, Mr. Mason, it appears that Gray was actuated by motives of self-improvement, and self-gratification, in his application to the Muses, rather than any view to pecuniary emolument. His pursuits were in general disinterested: and as he was free from avarice on the one hand, so was he from extravagance on the other; being one of those few characters in the annals of literature, especially in the poetical class, who are devoid of self-interest, and at the same time attentive to economy: but Mr. Mason adds, that he was induced to decline taking any advantage of his literary productions by a degree of pride, which influenced him to disdain the idea of being thought an author by profession.

It appears from the same narrative, that Gray made considerable progress in the study of architecture, particularly the Gothic. He endeavoured to trace this branch of the science, from the period of its commencement, through its various changes, till it arrived at its perfection in the time of Henry VIII. He applied himself also to the study of heraldry, of which he obtained a very competent knowledge, as appears from his *Remarks on the Saxon Churches* in the introduction to Mr. Bentham's *History of Ely*.

But the favourite study of Gray, for the last two years of his life, was Natural History, which he rather resumed than began, as he had acquired some knowledge of botany in early life, while he was under the tuition of his uncle Antrobus. He wrote copious marginal notes to the works of Linnæus, and other writers in the three kingdoms of nature: and Mr. Mason further observes, that, excepting pure mathematics, and the studies dependent on that science, there was hardly any part of human learning in which he had not acquired a competent skill; in most of them a consummate mastery.

Mr. Mason has declined drawing any formal character of him; but has adopted one from a letter to James Boswell, Esq. by the Rev. Mr. Temple, Rector of St. Glauvias, in Cornwall, first printed anonimously in the London Magazine, which, as we conceive authentic, from the sanction of Mr. Mason, we shall therefore transcribe.

"Perhaps he was the most learned man in Europe. He was equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of science, and not superficially, but thoroughly. He knew every branch of history, both natural and civil; had read all the original historians of England, France, and Italy; and was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, and politics, made a principal part of his study; voyages, and travels of all sorts, were

his favourite amusements: and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening. With such a fund of knowledge, his conversation must have been equally instructing and entertaining: but he was also a good man, a man of virtue and humanity. There is no character without some speck, some imperfection; and I think the greatest defect in his was an affectation in delicacy, or rather effeminacy, and a visible fastidiousness, or contempt and disdain of his inferiors in science. He also had, in some degree, that weakness which disgusted Voltaire so much in Mr. Congreve: though he seemed to value others chiefly according to the progress they had made in knowledge, yet he could not bear to be considered himself merely as a man of letters; and though without birth, or fortune, or station, his desire was to be looked upon as a private independant gentleman, who read for his amusement. Perhaps it may be said, What signifies so much knowledge, when it produced so little? Is it worth taking so much pains to leave no memorial but a few poems? But let it be considered, that Mr. Gray was, to others, at least innocently employed; to himself, certainly beneficially. His time passed agreeably, he was every day making some new acquisition in science; his mind was enlarged, his heart softened, his virtue strengthened; the world and mankind were shewn to him without a mask; and he was taught to consider every thing as trifling, and unworthy of the attention of a wise man, except the pursuit of knowledge and practice of virtue, in that state wherein God hath placed us."

In addition to this character, Mr. Mason has remarked, that Gray's effeminacy was affected most before those whom he did not wish to please; and that he is unjustly charged with making knowledge his sole reason of preference, as he paid his esteem to none whom he did not likewise believe to be good.

Dr. Johnson makes the following observations:—

"What has occurred to me from the slight inspection of his letters, in which my undertaking has engaged me, is, that his mind had made a large grasp; and his curiosity was unlimited, and his judgment cultivated; that he was a man likely to love much where he loved at all; but that he was fastidious and hard to please. His contempt, however, is often employed, where I hope it will be approved, upon scepticism and infidelity. His short account of Shaftsbury I will insert.

"You say you cannot conceive how Lord Shaftesbury came to be a philosopher in vogue; I will tell you: first, he was a lord; secondly, he was as vain as any of his readers; thirdly, men are very prone to believe what they do not understand; fourthly, they will believe any thing at all, provided they are under no obligation to believe it; fifthly, they love to take a new road, even when that road leads no where; sixthly, he was reckoned a fine writer, and seems always to mean more than he said. Would you have any more reasons? An interval of above forty years has pretty well destroyed the charm. A dead lord ranks with commoners: vanity is no longer interested in the matter; for a new road is become an old one."

As a writer, he had this peculiarity, that he did not write his pieces first rudely, and then correct them, but laboured every line as it arose in the train of composition; and he had a notion not very peculiar, that he could not write but at certain times, or at happy moments; a fantastic foppery, to which our kindness for a man of learning and of virtue wishes him to have been superior.

As a Poet, he stands high in the estimation of the candid and judicious. His works are not numerous; but they bear the marks of intense application and careful revision. The Elegy in the Church-yard is deemed his master-piece: the subject is interesting, the sentiments simple and pathetic, and the versification charmingly melodious. This beautiful com-

position has been often selected by orators for the display of their rhetorical talents. But as the most finished productions of the human mind have not escaped censure, the works of our Author have undergone illiberal comments. His Elegy has been supposed defective in want of plan. Dr. Knox, in his Essays, has observed, "that it is thought by some to be no more than a confused heap of splendid ideas, thrown together without order and without proportion." Some passages have been censured by Kelly in the *Babbler;* and imitations of different authors have been pointed out by other critics. But these imitations cannot be ascertained, as there are numberless instances of coincidence of ideas; so that it is difficult to say, with precision, what is or is not a designed or accidental imitation.

Gray, in his Elegy in the Church-yard, has great merit in adverting to the most interesting passions of the human mind; yet his genius is not marked alone by the tender sensibility so conspicuous in that elegant piece: but there is a sublimity which gives it an equal claim to universal admiration.

His Odes on *the Progress of Poetry* and of *the Bard*, according to Mr. Mason's account, "breathe the high spirit of lyric enthusiasm. The transitions are sudden and impetuous; the language full of fire and force; and the imagery carried, without impropriety, to the most daring height. They have been accused of obscurity: but the one can be obscure to those only who have not read Pindar; and the other, only to those who are unacquainted with the history of their own nation."

Of his other lyric pieces, Mr. Wakefield, a learned and ingenious commentator, observes, that, though like all other human productions, they are not without their defects, yet the spirit of poetry, and exquisite charms of the verse, are more than a compensation for those defects. The Ode on *Eton College* abounds with sentiments natural, and consonant to the feelings of humanity, exhibited with perspicuity

of method, and in elegant, intelligible, and expressive language. The Sonnet on *the Death of West*, and the Epitaph on *Sir William Williams*, are as perfect compositions of the kind as any in our language.

Dr. Johnson was confessedly a man of great genius; but the partial and uncandid mode of criticism he has adopted in his remarks on the writings of Gray, has given to liberal minds great and just offence. According to Mr. Mason's account, he has subjected Gray's poetry to the most rigorous examination. Declining all consideration of the general plan and conduct of the pieces, he has confined himself solely to strictures on words and forms of expression; and Mr. Mason very pertinently adds, that *verbal* criticism is an ordeal which the most perfect composition cannot pass without injury.

He has also fallen under Mr. Wakefield's severest censure. This commentator affirms, that, "he thinks a refutation of his strictures upon Gray, a necessary service to the public, without which they might operate with a malignant influence upon the national taste. His censures, however, are too general, and expressed with too much vehemence; and his remarks betray, upon the whole, an unreasonable fastidiousness of taste, and an unbecoming illiberality of spirit. He appears to have turned an unwilling eye upon the beauties of Gray, because his jealousy would not suffer him to see such superlative merit in a contemporary." These remarks of Mr. Wakefield appear to be well founded; and it has been observed, by another writer, that Dr. Johnson, being strongly influenced by his political and religious principles, was inclined to treat with the utmost severity some of the productions of our best writers; to which may be imputed that severity with which he censures the lyric performances of Gray. It is highly probable that no one poetical reader will universally subscribe to his decision, though all may admire his vast intuitive knowledge, and power of discrimination.

In the first copy of this exqnisite Poem, Mr. Mason observes, the conclusion was different from that which the Anthor afterwards composed; and thongh his after-thought was unqnestionably the best, yet there is a pathetic melancholy in the four stanzas that were rejected, following, "With incense kiudled at the Muses' flame," which highly claim preservation.

The thonghtless world to Majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success:
But more to Innocence their safety owe,
Than Pow'r or Genius e'er conspir'd to bless.

And thou who, mindful of the' unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate:

Hark! how the sacred calm, that breathes arounnd,
Bids every fierce tnmnltnous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the grounnd,
A gratefnl earnest of eternal peace.

No more, with reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxions cares and endless wishes room;
Bnt throngh the cool sequester'd vale of life
Pnrsue the silent tenour of thy doom.

In one instance, the Doctor's inconsistency, and deviation from his general character, does him honour. After having commented with the most rigid severity on the poetical works of Gray, as if conscions of the injnstice done him, he seems to apologize by the following declaration, which concludes his Criticism, and shall conclude the Memoirs of our Author:—

"In the character of his Elegy (says Johnson) I rejoice and concur with the common reader: for, by the common sense of readers, uncorrnpted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtilty and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally

decided all claim to poetical honours. The *Churchyard* abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo. The four stanzas beginning, *Yet e'en these bones*, are to me original; I have never seen the notions in any other place; yet he that reads them here, persuades himself that he has always felt them. Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him."

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF Mr. THOMAS GRAY.

Extracted from the Registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

IN the name of God. *Amen.* I Thomas Gray, of Pembroke-hall, in the University of Cambridge, being of sound mind, and in good health of body, yet ignorant how long these blessings may be indulged me, do make this my Last Will and Testament, in manner and form following. First, I do desire that my body may be deposited in the vault made by my late dear mother, in the church-yard of Stoke-Pogeis, near Slough, in Buckinghamshire, by her remains, in a coffin of seasoned oak, neither lined or covered; and (unless it be very inconvenient) I could wish that one of my executors may see me laid in the grave, and distribute among such honest and industrious poor persons in the said parish, as he thinks fit, the sum of ten pounds in charity. Next, I give to George Williamson, Esq. my second cousin by the father's side, now of Calcutta in Bengal, the sum of five hundred pounds reduced Bank annuities, now standing in my name. I give to Anna Lady Goring, also my second cousin by the father's side, of the county of Sussex, five hundred pounds reduced Bank annuities, and a pair of large blue and white old Japan china jars. *Item*, I give to Mary Antrobus, of Cambridge, spin-

ster, my second cousin by the mother's side, all that my freehold estate and house in the parish of St. Michael, Cornhill, London, now let at the yearly rent of sixty-five pounds, and in the occupation of Mr. Norgeth, perfumer, provided that she pay out of the said rent, by half-yearly payments, to Mrs. Jane Olliffe, my aunt, of Cambridge, widow, the sum of twenty pounds *per annum* during her natural life; and after the decease of the said Jane Olliffe, I give the said estate to the said Mary Antrobus, to have and to hold to her, her heirs and assigns, for ever. Further, I bequeath to the said Mary Antrobus the sum of six hundred pounds new South-Sea annuities, now standing in the joint names of Jane Olliffe and Thomas Gray, but charged with the payment of five pounds *per annum* to Graves Stokely, of Stoke-Pogeis, in the county of Bucks; which sum of six hundred pounds, after the decease of the said annuitant, does (by the will of Anna Rogers, my late aunt) belong solely and entirely to me, together with all overplus of interest in the mean time accruing. Further, if, at the time of my decease, there shall be any arrear of salary due to me from his Majesty's Treasury, I give all such arrears to the said Mary Antrobus. *Item*, I give to Mrs. Dorothy Comyns, of Cambridge, my other second cousin by the mother's side, the sums of six hundred pounds old South-Sea annuities, of three hundred pounds four *per cent.* Bank annuities consolidated, and of two hundred pounds three *per cent.* Bank annuities consolidated, all now standing in my name. I give to Richard Stonehewer, Esq. one of his Majesty's Commissioners of Excise, the sum of five hundred pounds reduced Bank annuities: and I beg his acceptance of one of my diamond rings. I give to Dr. Thomas Wharton, of Old Park, in the bishoprick of Durham, five hundred pounds reduced Bank annuities; and desire him also to accept of one of my diamond rings. I give to my

servant, Stephen Hemstead, the sum of fifty pounds reduced Bank annuities; and if he continues in my service to the time of my death, I also give him all my wearing apparel and linen. I give to my two cousins before mentioned, Mary Antrobus and Dorothy Comyns, all my plate, watches, rings, china-ware, bed-linen and table-linen, and the furniture of my chambers at Cambridge, not otherwise bequeathed, to be equally and amicably shared between them. I give to the Reverend William Mason, Precentor of York, all my books, manuscripts, coins, music, printed or written, and papers of all kinds, to preserve or destroy at his own discretion. And after my just debts and the expences of my funeral are discharged, all the residue of my personal estate whatsoever, I do hereby give and bequeath to the said Reverend William Mason, and to the Reverend Mr. James Browne, President of Pembroke-hall, Cambridge, to be equally divided between them; desiring them to apply the sum of two hundred pounds to an use of charity, concerning which I have already informed them. And I do hereby constitute and appoint them, the said William Mason and James Browne, to be joint executors of this my last Will and Testament. And if any relation of mine, or other legatee, shall go about to molest or commence any suit against my said executors in the execution of their office, I do, as far as the law will permit me, hereby revoke and make void all such bequests or legacies as I had given to that person or persons, and give it to be divided between my said executors and residuary legatees, whose integrity and kindness I have so long experienced, and who can best judge of my true intention and meaning. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 2d day of July, 1770.

Thomas Gray.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS GRAY.

Odes.

ODE I.

ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expected flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade.*
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think

* . . . . . a bank
O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine.
Shaks. Mids. Night's Dream.

(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the Great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:*
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.†

To Contemplation's sober eye ‡
Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter through Life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours dress'd:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply:
Poor Moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,

* Nare per æstatem liquidam. *Virg. Georg.* lib. iv.

† ——————— sporting with quick glance,
Shew to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold.
Milton's Paradise Lost, b. 7.

‡ While insects from the threshold preach, &c.
M. Green, in the Grotto.

No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

ODE II.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

'TWAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd: but midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple, to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize:
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous Maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between:
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)
The slippery verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd:
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
A Fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all that glisters gold.

ODE III.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;*
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way:

* King Henry VI. founder of the College.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,*
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:

* And bees their honey redolent of spring.
Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.

Theirs buxom Health, of rosy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever new,
And lively Cheer, of Vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around them wait
The Ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen remorse, with blood defil'd,
And Moody Madness laughing wild*
Amid severest woe.

* And Madness laughing in his ireful mood.
Dryden's Fable of Palemon and Arcite.

Lo, in the Vale of Years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more:—Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

ODE IV.

TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.

Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse; and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty:

Thy form benign, oh Goddess! wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

ODE V.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY. Pindaric.

ADVERTISEMENT.

When the author first published this and the following Ode, he was advised, even by his friends, to subjoin some few explanatory notes, but he had too much respect for the understanding of his Readers to take that liberty.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,*
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of Music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign;
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

I. 2.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,†
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand‡

* Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp.
David's Psalms.

† Power of harmony to calm the turbulent passions of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.

‡ This is a weak imitation of some beautiful lines in the same Ode.

Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee, the voice, the dance, obey,*
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sport, and blue-ey'd Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await! †
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night and all her sickly dews,

* Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

† To compensate the real or imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day by its cheerful presence to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.

Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar *
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes † beyond the solar road ‡
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the' twilight-gloom
To cheer the shivering Native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctur'd Chief, and dusky Loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
The' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep, §
Isles that crown the' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rinths creep.

* Or seen the Morning's well-appointed star
Come marching up the eastern hills afar. *Cowley.*

† Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations; its connection with liberty and the virtues that naturally attend on it.—[See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welsh Fragments; the Lapland and American Songs, &c.]

‡ Extra anni solisque vias. *Virgil.*
Tutta lontana dal camin del sole. *Petrarch*, canz. 2.

§ Progress of poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there: Spenser imitated the Italian writers, Milton improved on them; but this school expired soon after the

How do your tuneful Echoes languish,
Mute but to the voice of Anguish!
Where each old poetic Mountain
Inspiration breath'd around:
Every shade and hallow'd Fountain
Murmur deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next, thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was nature's Darling* laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless Child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly, paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor second He, that rode sublime †
Upon the seraph wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of the' Abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time.‡

Restoration, and a new one arose, on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

* Shakspeare.

† Milton.

‡ —— flammantia mœnia mundi. *Lucretius.*

The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,*
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two coursers of etherial race,†
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace.‡

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.§
But ah! 'tis heard no more‖—
O h! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now! Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear,¶

* For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels. And above the firmament, that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone.—
This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord.
Ezekiel i, 20, 26, 28.

† Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

‡ Hast thou cloth'd his neck with thunder! *Job.*

§ Words that weep, and tears that speak. *Cowley.*

‖ We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's Day; for Cowley, who had his merit, yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason, indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his chorusses—above all, in the last of Charactacus;
Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread! &c.

¶ Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight regardless of their noise.

Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

ODE VI.

THE BARD. Pindaric.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that Edward I. when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

I. 1.

'RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.*
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,†
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride ‡
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowden's shaggy side §
He wound with toilsome march his long array.

* Mocking the air with colours idly spread.
Shaks. King John.

† The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

‡ The crested adder's pride. *Dryden's Indian Queen.*

§ Snowden was a name given by the Saxons to that moun-

Stout Gloster stood aghast * in speechless trance:
To arms! cried Mortimer,† and couch'd his quivering lance.

I. 2.

On a rock; whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood:
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair ‡
Stream'd, like a meteor, § to the troubled air)
And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe!
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

tainous track which the Welsh themselves call Craigian-eryri: it included all the high lands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway, built by King Edward I. says, *Adortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery;* and Matthew of Westminster, [*ad an.* 1283] *Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigi castrum forte.*

* Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.

† Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore. They both were Lords Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in this expedition.

‡ The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel. There are two of these paintings, both believed original: one at Florence, the other at Paris.

§ Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.
Milton's Paradise Lost.

I. 3.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
On dreary Arvon's shore * they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof the' affrighted ravens sail;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.†
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,‡
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries——
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.§

II. 1.

'Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race;

* The shores of Caernarvonshire, opposite to the Isle of Anglesey.

† Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowden, which from thence (as some think) were named, by the Welsh, Craigian Eryri, or the Crags of the Eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowden is called the Eagle's Nest. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify; it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. [*See Willoughby's Ornithol.* published by Ray.]

‡ As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart— *Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

§ See the Norwegian Ode that follows.

Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing King! *
She-wolf of France,† with unrelenting fangs
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
From thee be born,‡ who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

' Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies! §
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable Warrior fled? ‖
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead
The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising Morn.
Fair laughs the Morn, ¶ and soft the Zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm:
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

* Edward II. cruelly butchered in Berkley Castle.

† Isabel of France, Edward II.'s adulterous queen.

‡ Triumphs of Edward III. in France.

§ Death of that king abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

‖ Edward the Black Prince died some time before his father.

¶ Magnificence of Richard II.'s reign. See Froissart and other contemporary writers.

II. 3.

'Fill high the sparkling bowl,*
The rich repast prepare:
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,†
Lance to lance, and horse to horse;
Long years of havock urge their destin'd course,
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye Tow'rs of Julius,‡ London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his Consort's faith, § his Father's fame,‖
And spare the meek Usurper's holy head. ¶
Above, below, the rose of snow,**
Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled Boar †† in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the' accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

* Richard II. (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop, and the confederate Lords, in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exton is of much later date.

† Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

‡ Henry VI. George Duke of Clarence, Edward V. Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

§ Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

‖ Henry V.

¶ Henry VI. very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

** The white and red Roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

†† The silver Boar was the badge of Richard III. whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of The Boar.

III. 1.

'Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun,)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.*
(The web is wove. The work is done.')
Stay, oh stay; nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowden's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.†
All hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

III. 2.

'Girt with many a Baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
In bearded majesty appear.
In the midst a Form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
Her lion-port, her awe commanding face, §
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.

* Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places.

† It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-land, and would return again to reign over Britain.
Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

§ Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, "And

What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
  What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Talliessin,* hear;
  They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd
    wings.

III. 3.

'The verse adorn again
  Fierce War, and faithful love, †
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress'd.
  In buskin'd measures move‡
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
  A voice, as of the Cherub-Choir, §
Gales from blooming Eden bear:
And distant warblings lessen on my ear, ‖
  That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious Man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
  Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
  And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me with joy I see
    The different doom our fates assign:
  Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care;
  To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He spoke; and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestical deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie checkes."

* Talliessin, chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

† Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.
Spenser's Proem to the Fairy Queen.

‡ Shakspeare. § Milton.

‖ The succession of Poets after Milton's time.

ODE VII.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

From the Norse Tongue.

PREFACE.

In the eleventh century, Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney Islands, went with a fleet of ships, and a considerable body of troops, into Ireland, to the assistance of Sictryg with the silken Beard, who was then making war on his father-in-law, Brian, King of Dublin. The Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and Sictryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of Brian their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas day (the day of the battle,) a native of Caithness, in Scotland, saw, at a distance, a number of persons on horseback riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till, looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures, resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove they sung the following dreadful song, which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and, each taking her portion, galloped six to the north and as many to the south.

NOW the storm begins to lower,
(Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,)
Iron-sleet of arrowy shower*
Hurtles in the darken'd air.†

* How quick they wheel'd, and, flying, behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy show'r—— *Milt. Par. Reg.*

† The noise of battle hurtled in the air. *Shaks. Jul. Cæs.*

Note. The Valkyriur were female divinities, servants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *Choosers of the Slain.* They were mounted on swift horses, with drown swords in their hands, and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to Valkalla (the Hall of Odin, or Paradise of the Brave,) where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

Glittering lances are the loom
  Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
  Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow!
  ('Tis of human entrails made)
And the weights, that play below,
  Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
  Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
  Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,
  Sangrida, and Hilda, see!
Join the wayward work to aid:
  'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
  Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
  Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
  Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
  Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
  Wading through the' ensanguin'd field,
Gondula, and Geira, spread
  O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
  Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
  (Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a King shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin* weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see:
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death:
Sisters, cease: the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenor of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed:
Each her thundering falchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

* Ireland.

ODE VIII.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

From the Norse Tongue.

UPROSE the King of Men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed:
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.*
Him the Dog of Darkness spied;
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd:
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The Father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes)
Till full before his fearless eyes,
The portals nine of Hell arise.
Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the Dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

Proph. What call unknown, what charms, presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?

* Niflheimr, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle: over it presided Hela, the goddess of death.

Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night!
Long on these mouldering bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he with voice unbless'd,
That calls me from the bed of rest?
Odin. A Traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a Warrior's Son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know:
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glittering board is spread?
Dress'd for whom yon golden bed?
Proph. Mantling in the goblet see
The pure beverage of the bee;
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is giv'n,
Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n!
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me to repose.
Odin. Once again my call obey.
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the Author of his fate?
Proph. In Hoder's hand the Hero's doom:
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close,
Leave me, leave me to repose.
Odin. Prophetess, my spell obey,
Once again arise, and say,
Who the' Avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?
Proph. In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace compress'd,
A wondrous Boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam.

Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

Odin. Yet awhile my call obey;
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils that float in air?
Tell me whence their sorrows rose:
Then I leave thee to repose.

Proph. Ha! no Traveller art thou;
King of Men, I know thee now;
Mightiest of a mighty line.—

Odin. No boding Maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor Prophetess of good;
But mother of the giant-brood!

Proph. Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall Inquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again;
Till Lok* has burst his tenfold chain;
Never, till substantial Night
Has re-assum'd her ancient right;
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

* Lok is the evil being, who continues in chains till the *twilight of the gods* approaches, when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the stars, and sun shall disappear, the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies; even Odin himself, and his kindred deities, shall perish. For a farther explanation of this mythology, see *Introduction a l'Histoire de Dannemarc, par Monsieur Mallet*, 1755, 4to.; or rather a translation of it published in 1770, and entitled *Northern Antiquities*, in which some mistakes in the original are judiciously corrected.

ODE IX.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

A Fragment.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Owen succeeded his father Griffin in the Principality of North Wales, A. D. 1120: this battle was nearly forty years afterwards.

OWEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's * shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand and open heart.
Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlint ploughs the wat'ry way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burdens of the angry deep.
Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son of Mona stands;‡
In glittering arms and glory dress'd,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thundering strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;

* North Wales. † Denmark.
‡ The Red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.

Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,
Backward Menaï rolls his flood;
While, heap'd his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn:
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there;
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and Shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable death.

* * * * *

ODE X.

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

From the Welsh of Aneurim, styled the Monarch of the Bards. He flourished about the time of Talliessin, A. D. 570.

HAD I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright,
Upon Deïra's squadrons hurl'd
To rush, and sweep them from the world!
Too, too secure in youthful pride,
By them, my friend, my Hoel, died,
Great Cian's son; of Madoc old
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold;
Alone in Nature's wealth array'd,
He ask'd and had the lovely Maid.

To Cattraeth's vale in glittering row
Twice two hundred warriors go;
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link:
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar, that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.
Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn:
But none from Cattraeth's vale return,
Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong,
(Bursting through the bloody throng)
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep and sing their fall.

ODE XI.

FOR MUSIC.

Performed in the Senate-House Cambridge, July 1, 1769, at the Installation of his Grace Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University.

AIR.

'HENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
Comus, and his midnight-crew,
And ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
Mad Sedition's cry profane,
Servitude that hugs her chain,
Nor in these consecrated bowers
Let painted Flattery hide her serpent train in flowers.

CHORUS.

'Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
While bright-eyed Science watches round:
Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!'

RECITATIVE.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
  Bursts on my ear the' indignant lay;
There sit the sainted Sage, the Bard divine,
  The few, whom Genius gave to shine
Through every unborn age, and undiscover'd clime.
  Rapt in celestial transport they;
  Yet hither oft a glance from high
  They send of tender sympathy,
To bless the place where on their opening soul
  First the genuine ardour stole:
'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

AIR.

  'Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
  That Contemplation loves,
Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
  Oft at the blush of dawn
  I trod your level lawn,
Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey'd Melancholy.'

RECITATIVE.

But hark! the portals sound, and, pacing forth
  With solemn steps and slow,
High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers, in long order go:
Great Edward, with the lilles on his brow*
  From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn†

* Edward III. who added the *Fleur de Lys* of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.
† Maria de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon, Compte de St. Paul in France; of whom

That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare,*
And Anjou's Heroine,† and the paler Rose,‡
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And either Henry there; §
The murder'd Saint, and the majestic Lord
That broke the bonds of Rome.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save charity that glows beyond the tomb.)

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of Regal bounty pour'd,
And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies:

QUARTETTO.

'What is Grandeur, what is Power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful memory of the good.

tradition says, that her husband, Audemar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke College, or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariæ de Valentia.

* Elizabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward I. Hence the Poet gives her the epithet of Princely. She founded Clare Hall.

† Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI. foundress of Queen's College. The Poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in a former Ode.

‡ Elizabeth Widville, wife of Henry IV. (hence called the paler Rose, as being of the house of York.) She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

§ Henry VI. and VIII. the former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.

Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasures sweet,
Sweet Music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude.'

RECITATIVE.

Foremost, and leaning from her golden cloud,
The venerable Margaret see!*
' Welcome, my noble son, (she cries aloud)
To this, thy kindred train, and me:
Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.†

AIR.

' Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
The flower unheeded shall descry,
And bid it round Heaven's altar shed
The fragrance of its blushing head:
Shall raise from earth the latent gem
To glitter on the diadem.

RECITATIVE.

' Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
She reveres herself and thee.
With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,
The laureate wreath that Cecil wore‡ she brings,
And to thy just, thy gentle hand,
Submits the fasces of her sway,
While Spirits bless'd above, and Men below,
Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

* Countess of Richmond and Derby, the mother of Henry VII. foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges.

† The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor; hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

‡ Lord Treasurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the University in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

GRAND CHORUS.

'Through the wild waves as they roar
With watchful eye and dauntless mien
Thy steady course of honour keep,
Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep.'

Miscellanies.

A LONG STORY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. GRAY's Elegy, previous to its publication, was handed about in MS. and had, amongst other admirers, the Lady Cobham, who resided in the mansion-house of Stoke Pogeis. The performance inducing her to wish for the Author's acquaintance, Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, then at her house, undertook to introduce her to it. These two ladies waited upon the Author at his aunt's solitary habitation, where he at that time resided; and not finding him at home, they left a card behind them. Mr. Gray, surprised at such a compliment, returned the visit; and as the beginning of this intercourse bore some appearance of romance, he gave the humorous and lively account of it which the Long Story contains.

IN Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands: *
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of fairy hands.

* The mansion-house of Stoke Pogeis, then in the possession of Viscountess Cobham. The style of building which we now call Queen Elizabeth's, is here admirably described, both with regard to its beauties and defects; and the third and fourth stanzas delineate the fantastic

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each pannel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages, that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-keeper led the brawls;*
The seals and maces danc'd before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green.
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning!
Shame of the versifying tribe!
Your history whither are you spinning!
Can you do nothing but describe?

A house there is (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning issues
A brace of warriors,† not in buff,
But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first came cap-a-pee from France,
Her conquering destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

manners of her time with equal truth and humour. The house formerly belonged to the Earls of Huntingdon and the family of Hatton.

* Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elibabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing.—Brawls were a sort of figure-dance then in vogue, and probably deemed as elegant as our modern cotillions, or still more modern quadrilles.

† The reader is already apprised who those ladies were; the two descriptions are prettily contrasted; and nothing can be more happily turned than the compliment to Lady Cobham in the eightieth stanza.

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The other Amazon kind Heaven
  Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire:
But Cobham had the polish giv'n,
  And tipp'd her arrows with good nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air—
  Coarse panegyrics would but tease her—
Melissa is her *Nom de Guerre:*
  Alas, who would not wish to please her!

With bonnet blue and capuchine,
  And aprons long, they hid their armour;
And veil'd their weapons bright and keen,
  In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the shape of Mr. P—t,*
  (By this time all the parish know it)
Had told that thereabouts there lurk'd
  A wicked imp, they call a poet:

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
  Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
  And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My Lady heard their joint petition;
  Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She'd issue out her high commission
  To rid the manor of such vermin.

The Heroines undertook the task:
  Through lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd;
Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
  But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
  They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rumage his Mother, pinch his Aunt,
  And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

* I have been told that this gentleman, a neighbour and acquaintance of Mr. Gray's in the country, was much displeased at the liberty here taken with his name, yet surely without any great reason.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
  Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-skurry round the floor,
  And o'er the bed and tester clamber;

Into the drawers and china pry,
  Papers and books, a huge imbroglio!
Under a tea-cup he might lie,
  Or creas'd, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops,
  The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops
  To a small closet in the garden.

So Rumour says; (who will, believe;)
  But that they left the door a-jar,
Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,
  He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew
  The power of magic was no fable;
Out of the window, whisk, they flew,
  But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,
  The Poet felt a strange disorder;
Transparent bird-lime form'd the middle,
  And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,
  The powerful pot-hooks did so move him,
That, will he nill he, to the Great House
  He went, as if the Devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
  For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phœbus he preferr'd his case,
  And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The Godhead would have back'd his quarrel;
  But with a blush, on recollection,
Own'd that his quiver and his laurel
  'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The Court was sate, the Culprit there;
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping,
The Lady Janes and Joans repair,
And from the gallery stand peeping:

Such as in silence of the night
Come (sweep) along some winding entry,
(Styack* has often seen the sight)
Or at the chapel-door stand sentry.

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
Sour visages, enough to scare ye,
High dames of honour once, that garnish'd
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary.

The peeress comes. The audience stare,
And doff their hats with due submission:
She curtsies, as she takes the chair,
To all the people of condition.

The Bard, with many an artful fib,
Had in imagination fenc'd him,
Disprov'd the arguments of Squib,†
And all that Groom‡ could urge against him.

But soon his rhetoric forsook him.
When he the solemn hall had seen;
A sudden fit of ague shook him,
He stood as mute as poor Macleane.§

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
'How in the park beneath an old tree,
(Without design to hurt the butter,
Or any malice to the poultry,)

'He once or twice had penn'd a sonnet;
Yet hop'd, that he might save his bacon:
Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
He ne'er was for a conjurer taken.'

* The Housekeeper. † The Steward.

‡ Groom of the chamber.

§ A famous highwayman, hanged the week before.

The ghostly prudes, with hagged * face,
  Already had condemn'd the sinner.
My Lady rose, and with a grace—
  She smil'd, and bid him come to dinner. †

'Jesu-Maria! Madam Bridget,
  Why, what can the Viscountess mean
(Cried the square hoods in woful fidget)
  The times are alter'd quite and clean!

'Decorum's turn'd to mere civility;
  Her air and all her manners shew it.
Commend me to her affability!
  Speak to a Commoner and Poet!'

Here 500 *Stanzas are lost.*

And so God save our noble King,
  And guard us from long-winded lubbers,
That to eternity would sing,
  And keep my Lady from her rubbers.

ELEGY.

Written in a Country Church-yard.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,‡
  The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
  And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

* Hagged, *i. e.* the face of a witch or hag. The epithet *hagard* has been sometimes mistaken as conveying the same idea, but it means a very different thing, viz. wild and farouche, and is taken from an unreclaimed hawk, called an Hagard.

† Here the story finishes. The exclamation of the ghosts, which follows, is characteristic of the Spanish manners of the age when they are supposed to have lived; and the 500 stanzas said to be lost, may be imagined to contain the remainder of their long-winded expostulation.

‡ —— squilla di lontano
  Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.
Dante, Purgat. l. 8.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their harrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the notes of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
  Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
  Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
  Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
  Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
  Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
  And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
  The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
  The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
  Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The' applause of list'ning senates to command,
  The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
  And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
  Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
  And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
  To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
  With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,*
  Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
  They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

* This part of the Elegy differs from the first copy. The following stanza was excluded with the other alteration.

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Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the' unletter'd Muse
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes* live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

'There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hark! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

* Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio, fuoco,
Fredda una lingua, et due begli occhi chiusi
Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville.
Petrarch, Son. 169.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

'One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath,* and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

'The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'†

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send;
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,‡)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

* Mr. Gray forgot, when he displaced, by the preceding stanza, his beautiful description of the evening haunt, the reference to it which he had here left:

Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
Oft as the woodlark pip'd her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

† In the early editions the following lines were added but the parenthesis was thought too long:

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

‡ —— paventosa speme. *Petrarch*, Son. 114.

EPITAPH

ON MRS. MARY CLARKE.*

LO! where this silent marble weeps,
A Friend, a Wife, a Mother sleeps:
A heart within whose sacred cell
The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and Faith sincere,
And soft Humanity, were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.
Her infant Image here below
Sits smiling on her Father's woe:
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh; an unavailing tear;
Till Time shall every grief remove,
With life, with memory, and with love.

TRANSLATION FROM STATIUS.

THIRD in the labours of the Dise came on,
With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon;
Artful and strong he poised the well-known weight,
By Phlegyas warn'd, and fir'd by Mnestheus' fate,
That to avoid, and this to emulate.
His vigorous arm he try'd before he flung,
Brac'd all his nerves, and every sinew strung;
Then, with a tempest's whirl, and wary eye,
Pursu'd his cast, and hurl'd the orb on high:
The orb on high, tenacious of its course,
True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
Far overleaps all bound, and joys to see
Its ancient lord secure of victory.

* This lady, the wife of Dr. Clarke, physician at Epsom, died April 27th, 1757, and is buried in the church of Beckenham, Kent.

The theatre's green height and woody wall
Tremble ere it precipitates its fall;
The ponderous mass sinks in the cleaving ground,
While vales and woods and echoing hills rebound.
As when from Ætna's smoking summit broke,
The eyeless Cyclops heav'd the craggy rock;
Where ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,
And parting surges round the vessel roar:
'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,
And scarce Ulysses scap'd his giant arm.
A tiger's pride the victor bore away,
With native spots and artful labour gay,
A shining border round the margin roll'd,
And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold.

GRAY OF HIMSELF.

TOO poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,
He had not the method of making a fortune:
Could love and could hate, so was thought somewhat odd;
No very great Wit, he believ'd in a God.
A post or a pension he did not desire,
But left Church and State to Charles Townshend and Squire.

FINIS.

J. SEELEY,
Printer, Buckingham.